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GUARANTY

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Removing Enright

"The World" at last has been educated into adopting the frequently expressed opinion of The Tribune that the crime wave will probably continue as long as Police Commissioner Enright remains in office.

"There are innumerable reasons for the removal of Mr. Enright. It is not necessary to prove moral turpitude, or to prove anything but the failure of the police to cope with the most audacious crimes of violence at all hours of the day and night. The Governor may be reluctant to interfere in local affairs, but the charter does not take cognizance of a Governor's personal wishes. As long as he fails to exercise his power he is no less responsible than Mayor Hylan for the continuance of a broken down police system under an incompetent Commissioner."

The Tribune believes, and has believed since law and order were suspended in New York, that it is the duty of the newspapers to join in ending Enrightism. It welcomes "The World" to the campaign it began more than a year ago to secure adequate protection of life and property to the citizens. It hopes every other New York newspaper will enlist. The issue is not a partisan one.

Neighborhoods have begun organizing what are equivalent to vigilance committees to defend their homes against invasion. Twenty-five thousand citizens have obtained permits to carry guns, to be used in the protection of their homes and places of business. An emergency "which provokes such drastic defense measures certainly warrants the warning that the Governor yesterday addressed to the District Attorney and the Police Commissioner.

It is obvious that Mr. Enright is either incapable or unwilling. He still insists—in the face of dozens of robberies a week—that New York is the safest city in the country. The Mayor, instead of making an effort to put the Commissioner to the proper discharge of his duty, misses no occasion to lavish public praise upon him.

The only power that can furnish relief is the state executive, and Governor Miller is alive to his duty.

Promises Performed

All five of the active Liberty bond issues are at new levels for the year. The first-second four and a quarters on Tuesday went to 100.08 and the first four and a quarters went to par. Within a few years all issues will be at par or better.

There have been times when Liberty bond owners wondered whether patriotism was not going to be practically its own reward. But there was no ground for their fears. Not only did the Liberty bonds help greatly toward winning the war, but they proved the best investment that could be made at the time. The United States is a going, prosperous concern, and will remain such.

Those who sold their holdings were foolish—too often yielded to the importunities of those selfishly interested in marketing securities less sound. But the distribution is still wide and all holders should realize that par is not enough.

A Precedent for Action

Advocates of putting off a speedy coal strike settlement, trying to break the force of the Roosevelt precedent of 1902, dwell on the fact that many weeks elapsed before a commission to hear and to determine was appointed. They thus assume that the significant thing in the great decision of President Roosevelt was the delay rather than the action itself.

That this is an erroneous interpretation of the value of the precedent is obvious. The outstanding fact in President Roosevelt's course was that he effected a settlement as speedily as he could. When Mr. Roosevelt interceded he was denounced in bitter terms. His action was assailed as unjustifiable meddling with affairs in which the government had no concern. He had to deal with a public opinion little educated.

During the last twenty years,

however, public opinion has been educated to a broader point of view, and there are few who now question the general principle that a crisis in an industry so intimately bound to the interests of every one as the coal business is a matter of national concern. That some sort of supervision is necessary by a governmental agency is the opinion of many people. And that the public has a right to be considered in the settlement of this present strike is believed by nearly every one—except a small group of reactionaries and labor unionists.

No valid argument is advanced for delaying action by the government. Any commission that is formed will require many weeks of work before it is in a position to make final determinations and recommendations.

The precedent of 1902 is a precedent for action, and not for delay.

Scrapping Fiat Money

The nearer the date of the Genoa conference approaches the plainer it is that the political parts of the program and the parts that relate to international credits are barren. In Russia political reorganization must precede economic regeneration. The Bolshevik system, which has stifled production and thus made trade impossible, must be ended and give way to a system better for both for proletariat and peasants. The Genoa conference with respect to Russia may thus occupy itself with political matters. Likewise, political action tending to persuade Germany that her scheme of landing the cost of meeting her reparation obligations on France and Belgium, etc., has definitely floundered. While Germany's chief industry is debt-dodging she will languish. She must be made to realize she can advance her welfare by working more and complaining less. But except as to Russia and Germany international politics may well be kept in the background.

The world's business and trade greatly need an application of the Hughes idea and technique to inflated paper currencies. These are what keep commerce stagnant. They should be scrapped at some agreed-on ratio—the ratio to correspond in some degree to the gold values of the currency units. Then international trade would cease being a gamble and revive.

With paper marks, francs, lire, crowns, etc., honestly valued and no more issued than could be kept at the designated valuation, Europe would be on a gold basis again and industry would go forward. Buyers now do not know what they are to pay or sellers what they are to get. Under present conditions there is no such thing as a real exchange market. What is done when so-called exchange is bought or sold is to bet on the future gold prices of bits of paper.

The depreciated fiat money that waterlogs trade cannot be brought to par. This is not only impossible, but if possible monstrously unjust. Imagine a debtor asked to pay 24 cents on a debt payable in marks when the marks he borrowed were worth less than half a cent! The first economic business of Europe is currency deflation, and the next is to establish reserves that will keep the currency outstanding at its specified level. To do this it is not necessary to call in the present money issues. It is enough to fix redemption prices.

The Italian Prime Minister, as the host of the Genoa gathering, taking a lesson from Mr. Hughes, has perhaps prepared a proposal. If he has, and it is intelligently worked out, his service will be very great. If he has not, and has no scaling down scheme to offer, he will neglect a great opportunity.

Yet so far little popular consideration has been given to what should be the chief objective at Genoa. The Keyneses and the Rathenau's, with their futile or interested projects, keep the center of the stage.

Charming Them

As manna from on high, as a cup of cold water to the desert traveler, came the semi-humorous remark of Otto H. Kahn to the Mayor that as music soothes the savage breast so possibly bandits attending the concerts of a municipal temple of music might be led to forget their predatory plan.

His Honor is in no lightsome mood. Headlines have become a daily horror to him. He is not stupid enough to be satisfied with his theory that the publicity the newspapers give to burglarious activities is the sole reason why burglars are so numerous and bold. Did he not telephone from Palm Beach to "Dave" telling him to ask the inspector to give "extra good protection" to a certain house on Bushwick Avenue?

So the Mayor responded to Mr. Kahn with the utmost seriousness and at once enrolled himself as a hearty friend of music. Full of new zeal, he can be seen wandering about a troubadour. He will pipe the criminal away from wicked projects. He may decree that every auto horn shall become a saxophone and put uniforms on all who crank the hardy-gurdlies. He may still whistle loudly that New York is the world's safest place, and that only slander-

ers of the city's fair fame deny this. But he has his doubts, and is ready to accept any advice, provided it does not imply criticism of "Dick."

Germany's New Taxes

Germany, which now pays in national taxes \$10 per capita, while France pays \$35, this country \$40 and Great Britain \$60, announces, with a great flourish of trumpets, that she has increased her levies.

How much, the Berlin dispatches neglect declaring. A new 2 per cent business tax is announced, but this is offset by an abandonment of the tax on post-war profits; there is a new levy on coal and sugar, and finally, with an extra flourish of the loud horn, a compulsory loan of \$250,000,000 gold is to be exacted from property owners. But the last, it turns out, is not a tax at all. After three years the taxpayers are to receive interest at 5 per cent. So the much advertised property tax boils down to a levy of \$37,500,000—interest on \$250,000,000 for three years. This is merely small change in these days.

Germany is to remain the lightest taxed country. Her financial minister may about that "No country ever wrote tax legislation of such magnitude!" But it is not so.

Murphy Collects

Philip F. Donohue, treasurer of Tammany Hall and one of Boss Murphy's best friends, has been appointed by Mayor Hylan to the office of Commissioner of Water Supply, at a salary of \$12,000 a year. The office is a sinecure and should long ago have been abolished. The appointment of Donohue, who has no special qualifications for any office, is merely a sop to Murphy.

A little more than four years ago the Mayor put the late L. J. O'Reilly, a Hearst political manager, in the same position. In making the appointment the Mayor said that the work of the office had been finished and that Mr. O'Reilly's job would consist largely of making a report recommending that it be abolished. Mr. O'Reilly, however, failed to make the report, and continued to draw his salary until his death a few months ago.

In appointing Donohue Mr. Hylan said nothing about doing away with the position. Observations of that kind would not appeal to Mr. Murphy. What Donohue's duties—if any—will be is undeclared. The commissioners have completed the aqueduct and the water system and there is no more building at present. There is, however, a scheme afoot to purchase new watersheds, which, while not needed for fifty years or more, may provide excellent picking for Tammany Hall. In the event that these plans take practical form Donohue's occupancy of the office may be convenient to the organization.

Meanwhile he will have a nice office and plenty of time to continue other activities which have made him affluent, all at a salary of a thousand dollars a month taken from the tax roll. But, after all, what is a thousand dollars of taxpayers' money a month if it brings "the Chief" and the Mayor closer together?

The Poor Little Rich Girl

"Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye upon a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding." This precious record of the opinion of Dr. Gregory's "A Father's Legacy to His Daughters" (1788).

Since Dr. Gregory's day the notion of how much learning doth become a woman has undergone momentous change. Perhaps the period of most rapid development has been that of the last thirty years or so. In the 1890's it was possible for a woman to go to college, but few women cared to go and fewer still had parents who cared to have them go. It was in general only the exceptionally intellectual or ambitious girl who found her way there. And it was by no means uncommon for a "jealous and malignant eye" to be cast upon "a woman of great parts." How different is the state of things to-day! Among women as among men learning is prized both for its own intrinsic pleasures and as an economic and a social asset. Even the Scott Fitzgerald flapper is nothing if not clever, and wears at least a show of bookishness on her non-existent sleeve.

In one social groove, however, there still remains a sharp disparity between a boy's expectation (in the statistical sense) of college and a girl's. The ultra-fashionable people consider it essential that their sons should win degrees; even the most unpromising of gilded youths is tutored and coaxed and driven until by hook or crook he completes a four years' course. But when it comes to daughters the case is altogether different. To be sure, a girl of this "set" is no longer regarded as extremely queer if she goes to college, but if she follows the current she doesn't go.

But even the poor little rich girl

is coming into her own. Schools that used to be "finishing schools" have become "college preparatory." Visits to the Metropolitan, brownings in book stores, trips to theater guild productions do not satisfy her. The Colony Club and the Junior League have actually debated the question "Shall Coming Out Be Abolished?" The Junior League argued for the affirmative—and won. And the chief point emphasized was that "coming out," with its implication of a year spent in making a business of pleasure, is a regrettable interference with a girl's intellectual development.

If conditions continue as they are the public will have to go to jail in order to get away from the criminals.

Among other reasons for continued friendship with Canada is the fact that the Dominion has taken the Stillman case off our hands.

Nations will soon be imitating the Methodist Episcopal Church and holding quarterly conferences.

"Hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil," is an attractive motto, but it is hardly suited to use by a police chief.

The only evidence that the Soviet government is a government at all is the fact that it has been disapproved by Emma Goldman.

Irish agitators in America will never knuckle down to the Free State so long as they have friend or relative in Ireland they can persuade to be shot in battle.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Who's Who at the Movies

THE HERO

It isn't his clothes or his features That tell his heroic mold; We know he's the noblest of creatures With a heart cast of unalloyed gold.

When the sub-title flashes this sentence Which gladdens the marveling eye:

I'll give you just time for repentance, An', then, you or me, fate, must die.

THE VILLAIN

We guess that the man is a dastard

When we see him prance round with a knife,

Come home far too frequently plastered

And beat up his children and wife.

But this sub-title, flashed on the curtain,

His scoundrelly nature reveals:

That guy is a cheap skate for certain, He never will cheat when he deals.

THE HEROINE

Of goodness you more than suspect her,

Her life seems one grand, noble song,

Her enemies fail to detect her

In doing a thing that is wrong.

But this sub-title cinches the matter

When its story is fleetingly told:

Take your town car and go, Mr. Sletter,

I'll marry for love, not for gold.

Exception

The French word for "nation" is "pays."

That is not, however, her word for the German nation.

Business Opportunity

A fortune waits the shoe firm

which will put out some kind of summer footgear that will flop about a girl's ankles.

The Score

At the finish of the Bryan-Evolution match Evolution had Bryan 18

down and none to play.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

When You Write Your Play

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Students in dramaturgy should take great care in selecting a plot. The keynote of the play should be simplicity. Make the main theme simple, because most of the audience lead simple lives and hate to be disturbed either physically or mentally. Originality is not necessary, but in plagiarizing be clever, and if you are caught at it say it was from an original Hindu fable written over a thousand years ago. The other author probably is as guilty as you are and will keep quiet.

There are always possibilities in the triangle. A few morbid minds delight in tragic action, but the average person likes romance, sentiment and the milk pail variety of drama. At the final curtain the birds are singing and the flowers are blooming and happiness reigns supreme.

A fact that cannot be disputed is that many plays from the box office point of view are written by men who know practically nothing about dramaturgy, and probably think that Cleopatra is either the name of a race horse or a town.

Write a play about China, India, Japan or Africa. Most people know practically nothing about these countries and you are safe. Burn incense in the auditorium before the rise of the curtain and then go to it with a vengeance. Be sure to put in a little American "jazz." A good line is:

"I like you, Uncle Tony, and I like cocktails, too." This is merely a suggestion and can be said in any dialect.

Can a play succeed in spite of the fact that it is written contrary to all rules of dramatic composition? Ask the tired business man.

MARCEL STEINBRUGGE.

New York, April 5, 1922.

The Tower

TO A. W. G.

THIS song to praise the Perfect Boss,

Who scolds not, neither is he cross;

Whose voice is virile, calm and bass,

And who has such a pleasant face!

All hail to him! His shoes are shined;

His hair protects a steel-trap mind.

He dictates at a medium rate,

And when things suit him calls out "Great!"

His jokes are numerous and new;

He smokes, but never does he chew.

He lends umbrellas when it rains,

And always thanks you for your pains.

He ties up packages to mail,

Replies to questions without fail,

And shoves the windows up or down,

Obedient to your merest frown.

He is not prone to criticize,

And when you're late he'll sympathize.

By saying: "Subway jam again?"—

Oh, he's a miracle in men!

Yes, he exists. I know him well.

Who? Where? . . . I'd be a fool to tell.

ADELE DE LEEUW.

And now when, set it briefier,

Upon The Tower's peak appear

Your praises, it's the day of days,

Adele, to hit him for a raise.

Maybe it's the abolition of the saloon that's really responsible for the crime wave. Now that they're gone, the orthodox policeman has no idea where to look for crooks.

Nevertheless, we're becoming converted to the dry era. For a long time we scoffed at the statement that its advent would stimulate industry. At present we're on the verge of conviction.

Nullify the prohibition amendment, and what is going to become of the store on the Bowery, near Rivington Street, where copper stills and coils and a variety of similar apparatus are displayed for sale?

Restore light wines and beer, and you bring about the collapse of the firm whose wares are on sale in a drug store on Broadway, near 104th Street. This concern advertises a preparation that will turn liquor containing wood alcohol a delicate violet hue. Prohibition has even brought sentiment into industry. Violet, we believe, is the color of half-mourning.

Why the Brevity?

These conversation contributions are all right, eh?

They fill up the column and keep you out in the open air.

Pretty soft for the hard, with spring coming apace and the tennis courts looking spic and span.

I'm gonna run a column some day, and this is food for thought.

You will buy that house, all right, but we customers are gonna own a brick in it.

And some day, when we walk past with our young son, we're gonna point to it with pride and say:

"Alas! I knew well his tricks, and he was full of them." DONCHER.

We're not going to invest heavily in any needless light concern, but if some one were to discover soundproof panes for arched windows—

TO CARL SANDBURG'S "LIMPING SHIP"

On up the horizon

She continues to hobble;

The lesion

Appears to be in the right knee

Or the ankle—

Mayhap a swordfish

Punctured the Achilleian tendon,

Or a cod bit her heel,

Or her sole was nipped by a fillet.

Procure anodyne oil

From Davy Jones's locker;

Bind up her wound with suave seaweed;

Then paddle round and lament her

With whale blubber.

Might it have been

The clumsy wench

Stubbed her toe

Or the bone

Which should have been by all the

canons stuck

Between her teeth? . . .

STANLEY K. WILSON.

The immigration inspectors charged with graft may have been only trying to familiarize future citizens with American institutions.

Isn't it time some one was arrested and convicted for violating the unwritten law?

Revised Virtue

F. F. V.: I may be all wrong, you understand, but from the very inception of the agitation concerning the MacMonnies statue the solution of the problem has seemed to me simple and easy. Merely change the title from "Civic Virtue" to "You Poor Fish."

Then, no matter whether the female figures couchant be conventionalized mermaids or unconventional regular gals, both the opus and the title will be met and fit and our indignant sisters and their allies, like the mermaids, will not have a leg to stand on.

FRANK CURTIN.

F. F. V.: In order that "Civic Virtue" may not be a total loss, why not rechristen the Rough Gert to resemble Hizzoner (himself) resting his brogans on the Subsidized Press and the Interests? False beads can be added to the latter.

PETE.

We don't know what the Shipping Board is going to do when it runs out of names of Presidents for its vessels. It's possible to lessen the dearth by shortening the period of office to one term of two years, but even that may not be enough. It might be better, when we run out of Presidents, to name the ships after unsuccessful candidates for the job.

You could have a whole flotilla of William Jennings Bryans. F. F. V.

COURAGE, MEN! THINK OF HOW OUR FOREFATHERS WOULD HAVE MET THE SITUATION!



The Murder of a Word

By Richard Connell

Murder! Help! This is not the outcry of a corner cigar merchant enjoying our comic opera police administration. It is the cry of a word that is being clubbed to death by a gang of language-bandits consisting of some hundred million members. We have murdered or crippled a lot of words. We Americans. Think of "convincing," "elegant," "intriguing," "fine," "awful," "lovely," "nice"—but why go on? All these and many more have had all their original meaning knocked out of them and they now can barely limp around. The word that is in the most acute danger of being maimed or murdered to-day is "artist."

"Artist" was once a proud title, hard to win and worth the winning. But to-day the age that has produced prohibition, Al Woods, the flapper, Hylan and underwear ads amid Berkshire scenery has also produced the motion picture "artist."

Every celluloid number is an "artist." Every piece of trick photography is "artistic." Every picture is a "triumph of art." It matters not whether it be homespun hokum, where the honest yokel leaves the dimly-clad maid in Granville, Ohio, for the lure of the big city, feels the blight of Broadway, and comes back, chastened, to the little woman who has waited in the vine-covered cottage in the buckwheat belt, or whether it be pseudo-historical rubbish, or Freudish stuff in a property desert, or home-and-mother, silver-threads-among-the-gold bathos—it is ART. And don't forget the capital A. The billboards never do.

The abuse of the word "art" as applied to pictures is a matter that does not concern the present writer. But what about the word "artist" as applied to the performers of those pictures? Is acting for the movies an art? Is the ordinary, running-around film actor an artist?

Well, this is a free country, a democracy. Any man can do or be anything he wishes to. We are all born equal, and at birth are presumably endowed with the same number of ounces of brain and the same innate capacities. It is only our inclination that makes some of us soap salesmen, some advertising engineers, some tonsorial engi-

neers, some Presidents, some subway guards, some poets and some screen actors. So, if a man wishes to call himself an "artist," who shall say him nay?

Now, despite this, and despite the fact that the making of "movies" is the fourth or fifth or sixth largest industry in our country, I dare to asseverate that acting for the "movies" is not an art. I further asseverate that the ordinary screen actor's posturings bear the same relation to real art that painting Bull Durham signs bears to the etching of Whistler. If this be treason—

Art is creative. What does the screen actor create? He was born with his face. How much other equipment has he? None, if you except a certain mobility of feature, a make-up and a sport shirt.

Have you ever seen "movies" made? I have. In one, and this case is typical, the heroine was a well known "star" who receives \$5,000 a week, or more than the yearly salary of a professor of aesthetics in a university. The picture was made in minute bits. For example, our star at breakfast stood up, took the coffee pot in her jeweled hand, poured out a cup of coffee, handed it to her husband (a \$1,000 a week "artist"), gave him an angry look and sat down. This dramatic scene was rehearsed six times, and then photographed twice. The lady star mastered the intricate feat of pouring a cup of coffee and looking angry after five tries. Even then the best she